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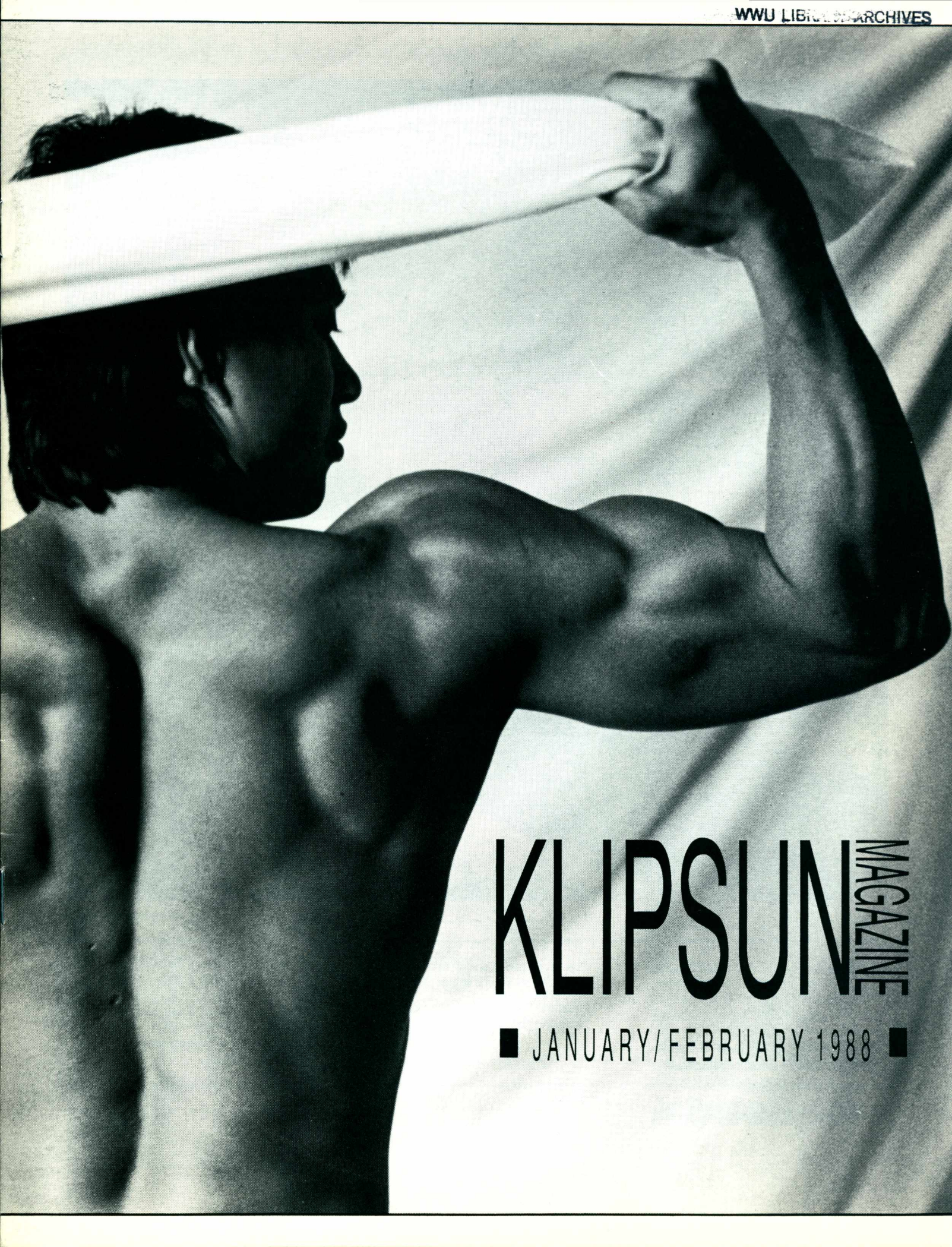
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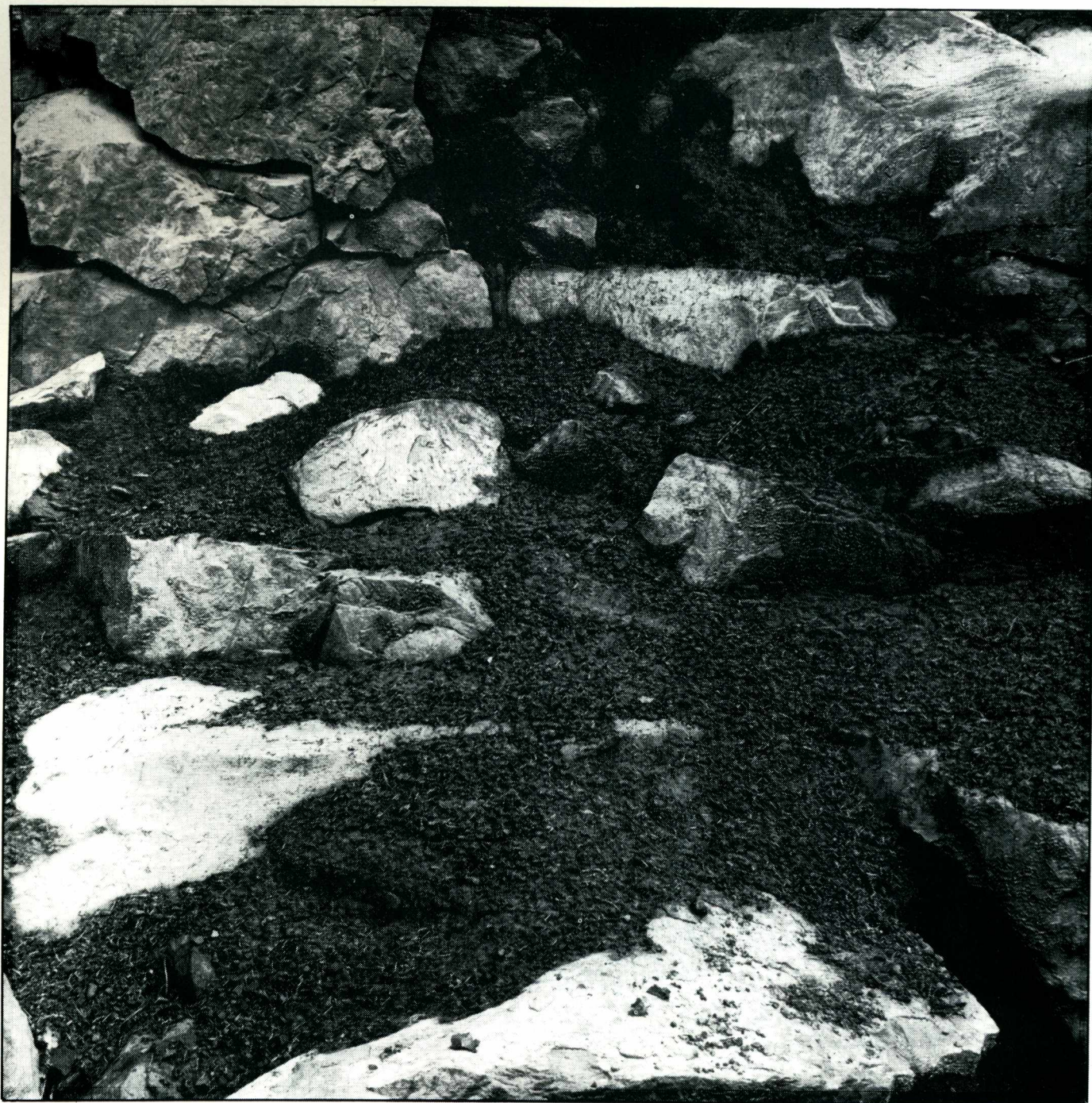
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KLIPSUN MAGAZINE

■ JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988 ■



Bill Gregersen-Morash

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photo by Jesse Tinsley**

Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset."

Copyright January, 1988

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IN THIS ISSUE

STUTTERING

When words become barriers

4

SWEEPSTAKES

Congratulations, the "Ten Million Dollars" is yours!

7

TAXIDERMIST

Mounted memories

10

STEROIDS

Steroid statues: carving a competitive edge

13

GRAHAM

Writer struggles through Python publicity

17

DRUG TESTS

False positive

20

IN REMEMBRANCE

G. Robert Ross, Jeanene DeLille and Don Cole

23

KLIPSUN

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A video camera records a therapist (left) and a client during a therapy session.



Jesse Tinsley

When Tim Frederick called Domino's to order a pepperoni pizza with onions, the clerk thought it was an obscene call.

Frederick hesitated on the first syllable of pepperoni, then swallowed and filled his lungs with air.

His hands started to shake. His lips began to quiver as he started to slap his knee.

He gulped and took another deep breath. Finally he got the words out: "Um, yes, ya, ok, a pppp-pepperoni pppp-izza, ppp-lease."

The clerk on the other end became impatient and blew a piercing rape whistle into the phone.

Frederick ordered a cheese pizza because the words were easier to say.

"When I went to restaurants, I would point to the items I wanted," Frederick said. "I ordered a lot of cheese pizzas. I hate cheese pizzas."

Frederick, a University of Washington speech pathology major, struggles daily with his stuttering problem.

As Tim got older his father noticed Tim would take a deep breath before he spoke. As his problem progressed, Tim learned to swallow before he started his sentences.

"We tried to stop him from stuttering," Ted said. "After awhile, Tim stopped talking completely."

John Albach, director of the National Stuttering Project, a self-help

"I feel as if I'm walking on a tightrope and I can't get off."

--Frederick

group for stutterers, said the cause of stuttering varies from person to person.

"Experts have found as many causes for stuttering as they have people who stutter," Albach said. "But speech pathologists have several

celebrate St. Patrick's Day. I started to stutter. Just then, a chick named Wil-lamea Canonbomb raised her hand and said, 'St. Patrick drove all the bad little snakes out of Ireland because he was on an ego trip.'"

Frederick said his disorder still makes his adulthood difficult, especially with women.

"It's real hard to ask a girl for a date," Frederick said. "I feel like a real jerk."

Frederick said he is able to laugh about his problem now, but for others, stuttering stirs anger and bad memories.

Amy Parrish remembers times when her stuttering cost her a job and her reputation.

Parrish graduated with a degree in education from Western and then started to work as a teacher. After working for awhile, she was told she wasn't an effective teacher because she could not speak fluently to her students.

When words become barriers

by Daniel C. Webster

"I have good times and bad times. I have gone for weeks without stuttering. And sometimes I can't say one word without triggering a block," Frederick said. "I feel as if I'm walking on a tightrope and I can't get off."

As he spoke, Frederick hesitated. He started sentences, but stopped before he was finished. He opened his mouth completely, as if to yawn rather than speak.

"I ordered a lot of cheese pizzas. I hate cheese pizzas."

--Frederick

"Everyone can see me stutter," Frederick said. "Everyone can see but me. I can't admit I have a problem."

Frederick's problem began when he was five, his father Ted said. Tim would repeat sounds and speak with long pauses.

theories to explain the problem."

Albach said many experts believe stuttering is a neurological disorder triggered by emotional stress. Others believe stuttering is a psychological disorder produced by a lack of self-confidence.

Joseph Sheehan, a speech pathologist at the University of California, Los Angeles, believes stuttering is caused by improper articulation and poor breathing.

Still others believe stuttering is a response to childhood trauma or emotional abuse.

"Tim grew up in what we considered to be a good home," Ted said. "He had no articulation problems, and he was not abused. He had his problems, but he was a happy kid."

Although his father described an ordinary childhood, Frederick said growing up with his affliction was difficult.

"Once my fifth-grade teacher asked me to tell the class why we

"The school said I could not effectively convey information to my students, and I was asked to leave because I stuttered," she said. "I was a good teacher, but I felt unwelcome in my school. Finally, I quit."

Parrish showed no outward signs of stuttering, but she was visibly angry. Her fist was clenched and she spoke with a raised voice.

"It makes me angry. I'm very angry," Parrish said. "The kids accepted me. The kids were great. The adults were the ones who didn't. Adults can learn a lot from kids."

Parrish's anger moved her to deal with her problem. Now she wants to help others do the same.

Parrish, now a speech pathology major at Western, said she wants to work in schools as a speech therapist.

"Before I went back to school to help others, I had to help myself," Parrish said.

Parrish spent three weeks learning to help herself at a stuttering workshop at Eastern Washington University.

Dorvan H. Bretinfieldt, director of Eastern's program, is an outward stut-terer who refuses to hide his affliction.

Bretinfieldt said he has treated about 400 stutterers at the clinic and said stutterers should not try to force themselves to be fluent speakers.

He has developed an intensive two-stage therapy program, which lasts about six weeks.

"I would say 'Hi, I'm Amy Parrish. I am a stutterer.' to everyone I met."

In one part of the program, Parrish carried a pen and pad with her to record all her blocks.

"For one week, I ate, slept and lived with my pad and pen," Parrish said. "If I had a block, I would stop talking, look down, record it and then look up and start talking again."

Parrish, like most stutterers, has been disfluent all her life. Parrish and Frederick said they believe they al-ways will stutter.

"Many fluent speakers will tell a stutterer to speed up or slow down. While such advice is well meant, it only compounds the problem," Bretinfieldt said. He added it is best to be patient and refrain from giving such advice.

"Let stutterers say what they want to in their own words. Don't force them to talk, but encourage them to use their speech in all situations, es-pecially the classroom."

Bretinfieldt said those who talk with stutterers should try to listen to what is said instead of how it is said. Listeners also should encourage stutterers to make natural eye contact with them to show interest.

"It is very important to let stut-terers know you enjoy talking with them," Bretinfieldt said. "Stutterers will have blocks, and the listener needs to be prepared for them."

Bretinfieldt said he encourages stutterers to seek professional help for their affliction, but he added a word of caution.

"Many stutterers have tried to achieve perfect speech, only to fall back into disfluency," he said. "The goal is to accept the disfluency and face the problem."

Amy Parrish



In the first three weeks of the pro-gram, stutterers confront their dis-order and are encouraged to openly stutter in all situations. Each stutterer is assigned two graduate students who encourage him to talk as much as possible throughout the program.

"The students even give awards to those who can stutter the most," Bretinfieldt said. "And the one who is the most open about his or her prob-lem wins the Big Block award for clean and open stuttering."

Parrish said she talked to a lot of people and asked a lot of questions.

"I even talked to a couple Seattle Seahawks," Parrish said. "I stuttered great."

After stutterers accept their prob-lem, they spend their final three weeks learning how to manage their dis-order.

"I learned how to stutter and manage my problem, I also learned a lot about myself," Parrish said.

Bretinfieldt said stutterers need to tell people they have a problem. For Parrish, that meant advertising.



Jesse Tinsley

A therapist observes a therapy ses-sion through a two-way mir-ror (upper left). A client and therapist use the mirror to watch speech pat-terns (lower right).

"Admitting a problem is the oppo-site of avoiding it," Bretinfieldt said. "If people know someone has a prob-lem, they will react better when a stut-tering block occurs, and stutterers will be able to handle their speech."

Bretinfieldt said many fluent speakers will try to give stutterers ad-vice that is supposed to help.

Frederick said he no longer orders cheese pizzas or other food he doesn't like.

"Now the clerk knows I stutter," Frederick said. "I order a pepperoni pizza with onions. That's the way I like it."





"CONGRATULATIONS, TEN MILLION DOLLARS IS YOURS!"

BY JEFFREY PEDERSEN

It was a gray, November day, one of those lethargic kind of days when school's a drag and one dreams of being rich enough to be somewhere else.

As I went to get the mail that day, that's what I thought about -- a secluded, sun-soaked beach, a slight breeze, a cold beer and a good book.

I approached a row of 20, shining mailboxes, homing in on the one, battered, silver box with a twisted flag. The door with my name on it was holding on by one hinge. Why my mailbox is so ugly, I'll never know. I

opened it, hoping piles of postal personals from friends around the world would spill into my waiting hands. Instead there sat a lone manila envelope.

It was no ordinary envelope, however. Imprinted upon it in bold red letters was the question, "Who will be paid the Ten Million Dollars?" Underneath this mind-boggling query was a computer-enhanced image of Ed "Heeere's Johnny" McMahon, telling me "I will personally hand you your Ten Million Dollar prize." Great, I thought, maybe I'll buy a new mailbox.

Thinking nothing of how extremely fortunate I was to have received this astounding gift from such a well-known and evidently generous person, I shuffled back to my apartment, muttering about the fact that Microsoft still had not sent me a response to my application. Not even a rejection notice.

Of course, I thought, this garish letter embossed with the words, "Don't Throw Away," "All For You!" and "URGENT: Open At Once," was only a piece of junk mail to be carelessly tossed onto the recycling pile spilling out of my coat closet.

the **GUARANTEED WINNER...**
of **TEN MILLION DOLLARS**
only if the enclosed entry
is the grand prize winner
and is returned before the
date on the **GOLD SEAL** above.



**A SUPER-RICH
MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!**

Something about this bit of processed, All-American piece of postal rubbish tweaked my interest, however. I wondered why Ed chose a nobody like me, and why he was so adamant about saying "Congratulations, you win the Ten Million Dollars!" A split-second later, I didn't care, and dropped the letter next to Friday's *Seattle P.I.*, another prime candidate for the recycling pile.

**"I was beginning to
feel disgusted with
myself for falling
into the 'you are our
lucky winner' trap."**

I had almost forgotten about the letter when my roommate told me I should look at it. It seems she had saved the promised monetary windfall from the heap. She was interested in the envelope bearing Ed's smiling likeness, and opened it, thinking it might have been an "instant winner" kind of contest.

Upon tearing open the letter, and ripping through Ed's fleshy jowls, five different pieces of paper tumbled to the floor. One sheet contained pictures of exotic locales, expensive foreign cars and huge mansions, all allegedly *mine*. Another showed examples of free gifts such as cheap stereos, books and digital clocks. Another sheet was perforated into several dozen individual stamps. Each stamp represented a magazine. Journalistic favorites such as *Time* and *Rolling Stone* were joined with literary fare like *G.I. Joe Magazine* and *Barbie: A Magazine for Young Girls*. A magazine representing almost anyone's taste was featured on the sheet.

The most important document, we discovered, was an 11-by-22 inch piece of an exquisitely bordered, heavy bond. It was the all-important "Notification of Intent to Award." Of course, it didn't take long to discover the catch.

It turned out Ed was really just a frontman for some company known as American Family Publishers. To be eligible for the "Ten Million Dollars," awarded in annual installments of \$333,333, I had to send back an "enclosed entry" before a specific deadline and subscribe to some magazine.

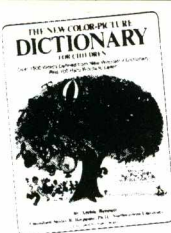
As I read through the document, I was astounded by how many times my name was mentioned in connection with the words, "Ten Million Dollars." My name appeared no less than 20 times on the front side of the sheet. On the back, Ed urged me in various places to "Act Now!" and to claim the prize because, "The Ten Million Dollars is yours, right now!"

*So...you don't think you can
win TEN MILLION DOLLARS?*

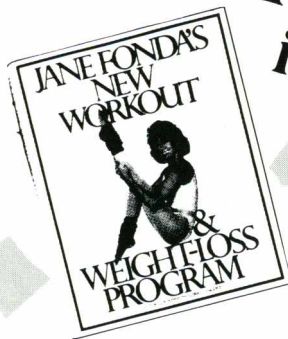


**HURRY! Whether You Are Eligible for the Full
Ten Million Dollars May Depend on How Fast
You Return This Card.**

**IMPORTANT:
REPLY AT ONCE:**



TEN MILLION DOLLARS!
PLUS 119 GREAT SELECTIONS...
UNBEATABLE MAGAZINE DISCOUNTS!
NOW! UP TO 70% AND MORE OFF COVER PRICES!



**Don't put
TEN MILLION DOLLARS
into the hands of a stranger!**



IMPORTANT!
**HERE ARE YOUR
9 EXCLUSIVE PRIZE
CLAIM NUMBERS!**

He also urged me to enter so the prize wouldn't be awarded to some other schmuck.

Ed related the story of "someone just like me," who received the winning prize, but never bothered to return it. The poor fool could've staked his claim to a "guaranteed" fortune, simply by returning his entry. He warned that if I didn't make the deadline, I would lose my Ten Million Dollars to an alternate winner -- a stranger picked at random.

"Whatever you do, PLEASE don't risk putting Ten Million Dollars into the hands of some stranger," Ed said, pleadingly.

With a guilt trip like that, how could anyone refuse, I thought. He made it sound as though some seedy government official or twisted terrorist would receive the cash and make the world suffer.

I would've brushed the whole thing off, but my roommate said she wanted to subscribe to a magazine. *Architectural Digest* to be exact. It turned out *Architectural Digest* was the most expensive magazine on the entire sheet. She could have the magazine by paying four "easy" installments of \$9.99. Being the rather

under-funded pair we are, I asked why she wouldn't be interested in, say, *Working Mother* magazine. After all, 12 issues of this outstanding periodi-

"He made it sound as though some seedy government official or twisted terrorist would receive the cash and make the world suffer."

cal were available for four "easy" payments of \$1.62. The look on her face told me it was time to shut up.

I told her I wouldn't care if she ordered the magazine, but I wasn't going to pay for it. After all, Ed hadn't given me my Ten Million Dollars yet.

I was aware of the scam being played on me by this publishing company, and I told myself I wouldn't fall for it. I have enough schoolbooks to read without having a magazine lying around. But my earlier dreams of the sun-soaked beach began creeping back into my memory. The exotic foreign car in the picture sure looked cool, and having a house of my own didn't sound too bad either. NO! I can't let this get to me, I thought.

Then it happened. Just as I was about to let the stamp sheet flutter to the floor, I saw it. *Motor Trend*. I love cars. And for four "easy" payments of "only" \$2.99, I could have 12 months worth of wet dreams about Ferraris, Maseratis and Porsches.

I ripped the stamp off and affixed it next to the *Architectural Digest* stamp on the entry card. The publishers had to love us, we were ordering two magazine subscriptions.

"Here," I said, handing her the entry. I was beginning to feel disgusted with myself for falling into the "you are our lucky winner" trap. But if everything went according to plan, like Ed said it would, the cash was guaranteed. I even ordered two magazines! How could I lose?

That's how I justified my *Motor Trend* subscription. I needed to find out the latest specs on the new Porsches. I'd have to spend the Ten Million Dollars somewhere.

Thanks, Ed.



MOUNTED

The head of a prairie antelope stares out the window of a vacuum cleaner repair shop. The head never turns and its gaze never wavers. The animal is a life-size head mount.

To "Sharkey" Leavitt, owner of the antelope and the shop, the animal is a reminder of a memorable hunting trip to Montana.

Leavitt likes the outdoors. The mounted antelope and elk horns in his shop evoke happy memories of time spent with nature.

"I like to hunt and fish," Leavitt said, lighting a cigarette. "I won't always be able to go to Montana. Not everyone could get an antelope every time. I have a heritage of survivors, hunters and fishermen. For sportsmen, it (hunting) is a big factor in the way we live the rest of our life."

Trophies, Leavitt said, usually represent a hunter's best catch.

Besides the head, Leavitt also makes use of the animal skins.

"This is elk hide," he said, laying a thick, smooth piece of yellow leather on the repair shop counter. "I make moccasins out of it. I've got 15 grandchildren, and I've made moccasins for just about all of them, my wife and the older kids."

Bow resident Lloyd Loop is another avid hunter who's had his kills mounted. One room in his house holds 85 trophies, all of which he hunted himself. His mounts, which he orders in unusual poses, range from fighting rooster pheasants to a cougar crouched above a doorway.

For Loop, hunting is an escape from telephones and other annoyances of everyday life.

"Every (mounted) animal reminds you of a hunt and the danger. Hunting is rough if you do it as a sportsman. Each animal reminds you of the fun and hardships of hunting," he said.

Loop, 64, seeks the older, mature animals to "harvest" for trophies. He prefers those that have large horns and are "past their useful stage in life. I let the young ones go on and take moving pictures of them."

Both Leavitt and Loop take their skins to Akers Taxidermy, one of two Whatcom county businesses that turn hides into useful leather or handsome trophies.

Since 1946, Carl Akers, 63, has been tanning hides and mounting animal heads for Leavitt and other customers. He began by experimenting on domestic animals such as pigeons and chickens, he said, because wild animals were scarce where he grew up in West Virginia.

He served a three-year apprenticeship with a major taxidermist in Seattle before opening his Bellingham taxidermy shop. His son, Ralph, who has been working as a full-time taxidermist for about six years, served a similar apprenticeship under him.

The Akers, three apprentices and two part-time workers spend most of their time hand-sewing hides in the two-story, red-brick building that houses Akers Taxidermy.

The business, located in the letter-streets area of Bellingham, contains

workrooms, storerooms and a display area for finished mounts on the main floor. Upstairs, large skins to be used for rugs are stretched and nailed onto tables. The basement is used for the beginning stages of hide preparation, such as skinning.

Ralph Akers, clad in forest green overalls, described the tanning process in a room that held dozens of life-like creatures. Two huge bears seemed to advance menacingly as a coyote silently snarled. Raccoons struck natural poses on logs and a mountain goat appeared to step out of the wall. Furry skins were piled in heaps on tables in the room's center.

Once the animal is skinned, Akers explained, the flesh is cleaned of fat and meat and then salted with ordinary table salt.

"Every (mounted) animal reminds you of a hunt and the danger."
--Loop

When the hide is ready to tan, or be made into soft, usable leather, it is rehydrated in water or chemicals to cut the fat. Then it's soaked in an acid solution to solidify parts of the skin and leave other parts supple so they're easy to shave off with a knife, Akers said, holding a racoon skin he had been sewing.

The hide is tanned anywhere from a few days to several weeks, depending on its thickness.

MEMORIES

by Wendy Bacon



Matthew Brown

A sampling of the trophies on display at Akers Taxidermy.

Different methods are needed to prepare the hides depending on what their future use is, Akers added. Customers may want a fur rug, costing from \$45 to \$92 per linear foot, or a full head mount, priced from \$210 to \$650.

The price varies according to the taxidermist, the pose, the size and type of animal.

Taxidermists don't actually "stuff" the skins when they mount them, Akers said. Instead they stretch them over molds or "mannequins," made of polyurethane or fiberglass.

"Primarily, when you're looking at something that is stuffed, or mounted, you're looking at the skin, so skin preparation is the number one component."

Ralph Akers said he likes his job, and has always worked at least part-time at it.

"It's not like it's a stressful job," he said. "You're doing a lot of close hand-work. It's just you and your skin. Nobody's pressuring you to do anything but make the skin look pretty and nice, so it's agreeable in that way."

The huge, old building Akers works in is nothing like the neat, modern garage where another taxidermist plys his trade.

Bruce Tadeyeske, 35, of Lynden, has received a good response to his two-year-old business, Wildlife Art Taxidermy Studio. Like Akers, most of his customers are meat hunters and trophy collectors.

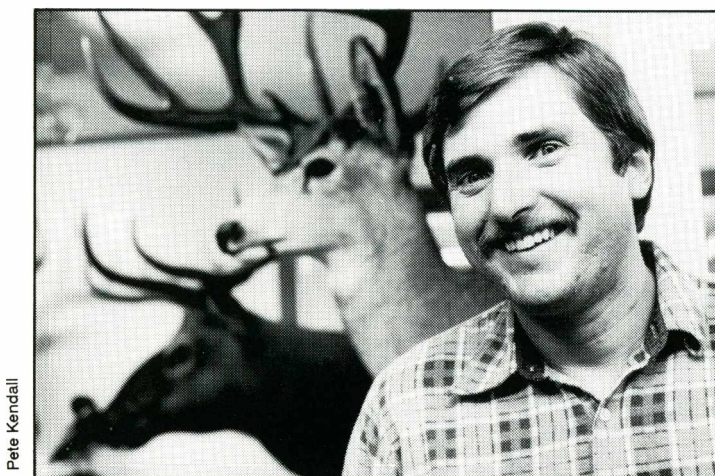
A desire to alleviate waste in hunted animals sparked his interest in taxidermy when he was twelve.

"I used to do a lot of duck hunting with my dad, and one day I shot a really nice wood duck. It was so pretty, I looked at it for over an hour and thought, 'what a shame to just pluck it and eat it,'" Tadeyeske said.

Tadeyeske said he doesn't like the messy work of skinning and shaving hides and boiling skulls, a necessary and smelly step for preparing some animals for mounting. But he's gotten through those stages by looking toward the finished product.

His spotless garage, however, displayed no evidence of any disagreeable activity. A few carefully placed head mounts and fish lined the walls. The work area was a tidy table with polyurethane molds and furs stacked beneath it.

Taxidermist Bruce Tadeyeske



Pete Kendall

"My dad suggested there was a thing called taxidermy. I had never heard the word before. He talked about how it (the duck) could be mounted and from there I went to the library and got some books and dove in."

He started working on squirrels and raccoons but found his first experiments to be "pretty feeble." There was a lot of room for improvement, he said. Next, he enrolled in a taxidermy correspondence course.

"You sent pictures in of your work and they wrote back and told you what you did wrong."

Tadeyeske said he endured comments like "You're kind of weird" when his peers learned of his hobby.

"I think there's a lot of misconceptions about it being more or less on the order of a wholesale butcher shop, where you're continually drenched in blood and gore," he said.

"It's not that way. (But) it has its moments, it's not all pleasant."

When he was 16, Tadeyeske began hanging around the exhibits at the Milwaukee museum. After five or six months the chief taxidermist invited him to come in for a talk.

"I think there's a lot of misconceptions about it being more or less on the order of a wholesale butcher shop, where you're continually drenched in blood and gore."

--Tadeyeske

After realizing Tadeyeske was serious, the museum director allowed him to volunteer.

He spent three summers at the museum, where his work impressed the other taxidermists.

He said the museum work differed from commercial taxidermy in that everything was custom work. Typical poses weren't used in museum displays, and hunters in the field would shoot the animal, skin it, take hundreds of measurements, strip off the meat, reassemble the skeleton and ship it to the museum.

The skeleton was then replaced with clay, a mannequin was formed, and the skin was mounted on the form.

When Tadeyeske graduated from high school, the museum wanted to hire him, but the job required a college degree.

He worked commercially for a while but returned to the museum when a shortage of qualified taxidermists forced the museum to drop the college degree requirement.

There, he used extensive reference material and photographs to ensure the mounts were realistic. Tadeyeske still uses photos today.

"Pictures are a big help, and a lot of guys don't use them. They just kind of go, 'well, this is kind of the way it's supposed to look.' And that's why you end up with things that just don't look real natural," he said.

"I've spent hours and hours hunting, and just watching and observing animals and birds. Guys that do good work have done their homework and I think the guys that are doing mediocre work have done just enough to feel satisfied," Tadeyeske continued.

"If you want to be good you have to burn the midnight oil and if it's not right, then do it over. You don't just go by memory. I use pictures and books all the time and I'm not ashamed to have them out when people come in. I watch what birds do when they fly and land, how they hold their legs and wings."

A lot of people, Tadeyeske said, can't understand why a guy would want to spend his time doing something such as taxidermy. He admitted taxidermy is "no way to get rich."

"I earn every nickel. It's not a type of business, but a labor of love."



STEROID STATUES:

CARVING A COMPETITIVE EDGE

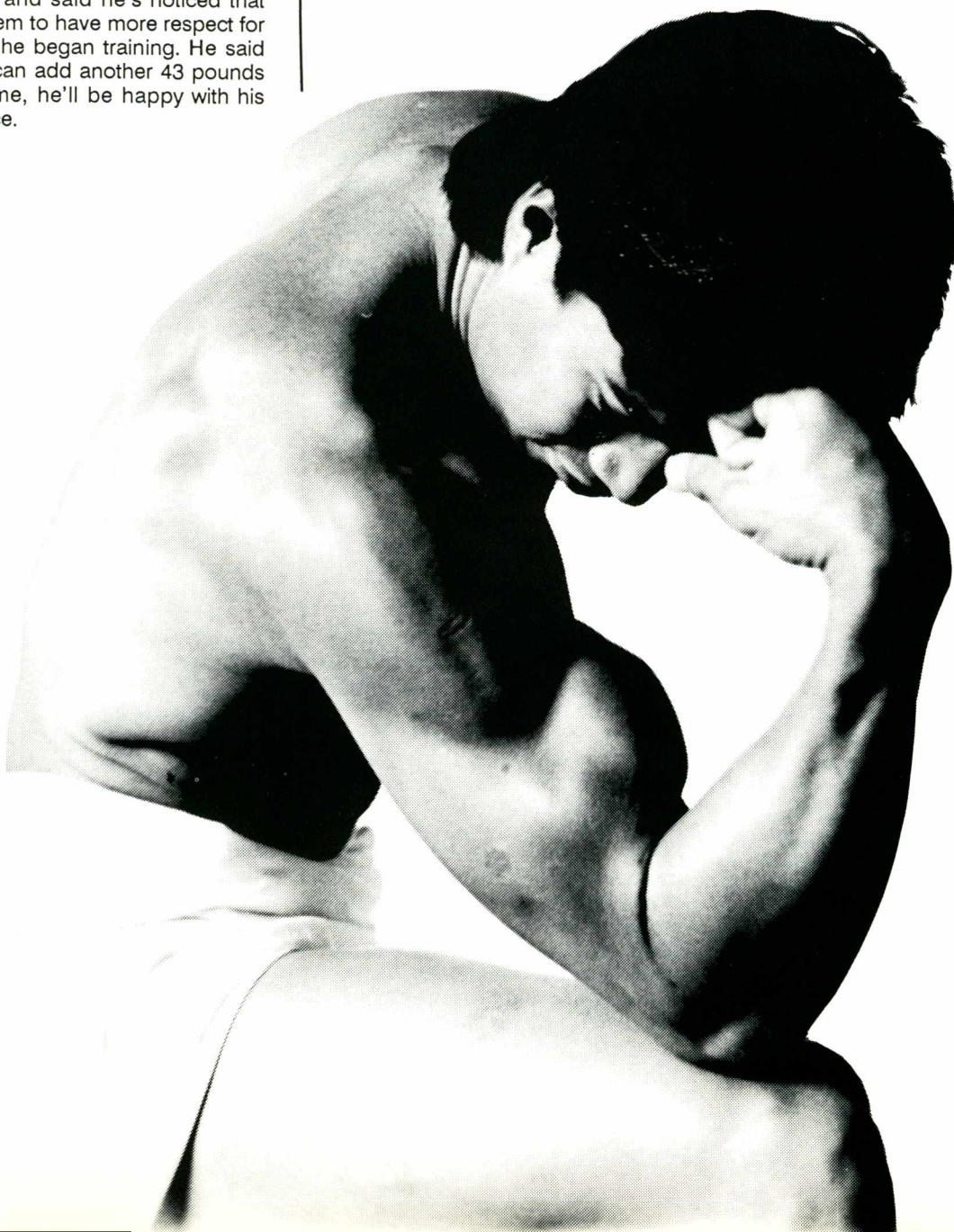
by K. Washburn

Editor's note: Two sources in this story, "Jim" and "George," requested these pseudonyms be used in place of their real names.

Steve, 25, is 5 feet 9 inches tall and currently weighs 157 pounds. He began lifting weights seriously about a year ago, and said he's noticed that people seem to have more respect for him since he began training. He said that if he can add another 43 pounds to his frame, he'll be happy with his appearance.

In an attempt to reach his desired proportions and maintain his new-found status, Steve is willing to put time and effort into sculpting his physique to match his idea of a better body. He also is willing to pay for a competitive edge and admits to using anabolic steroids to improve his musculature and strength.

"I wish God would've made me taller so I could get bigger," he said, running a hand through his sandy blond hair. Steve's training has increased his self-esteem. He said he uses steroids as a tool to cut a better body. "It's like art, except you're the statue."



Jesse Tinsley

As he stretched out comfortably along the champagne-colored couch in his living room, Steve's white, unbuttoned short-sleeved shirt revealed a taut washboard stomach and arms that, although not huge, were well-defined.

Steve used steroids once, and is considering using them again. He said his relationship with the drugs has been rocky, but he wants the build that he believes only steroids will give him.

"I know I don't have to depend on it," Steve said. "I use them to form a base. A lot of body builders get dependent upon them and get grotesque. I just want the symmetry."

Western junior Mara Chea, 22, said the steroid use he's observed has led to a lack of symmetry in the physiques of the users. Chea said he's never used steroids and isn't interested in experimenting.

"They (steroid users) look kind of pudgy," Chea said. "They're not balanced at all, they're not propor-

"A lot of body builders get dependent upon them and get grotesque."

--Steve

tionate." Chea, who lifts weights two hours a day, five days a week, said he doesn't believe he's missing anything by avoiding steroids.

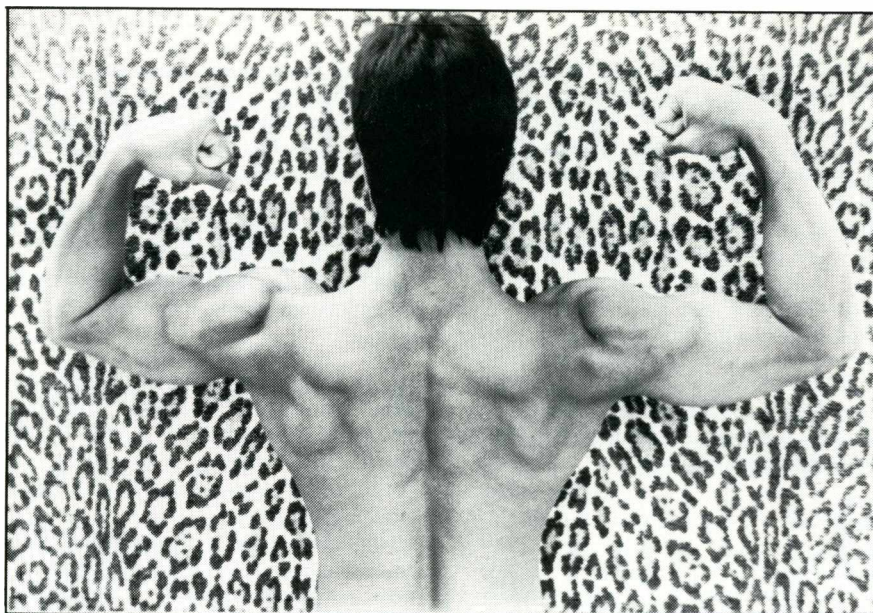
"I've seen guys improving very quickly. That doesn't bother me at all," Chea said he likes to look good and is willing to work hard, but he doesn't take his workouts too seriously.

"I just do it for fun. I'm trying to be serious about it, but I just want to work hard and have fun."

Chea, who is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs about 180 pounds, said he is not interested in steroids because he wants to make gains on his own.

"I know I can go about it the natural way. I've been seeing results, slowly, and I know I can do it," Chea said.

Although Chea is holding out against steroid use, many weightlifters and other athletes are increasingly using steroids to add bulk to their bodies. Today, the drugs generally are used sparingly to treat the diseases and injuries for which they were created.



Jesse Tinsley

Mara Chea maintains his physique without using steroids.

Anabolic steroids were first synthesized in 1935 to speed the healing of bone fractures, muscle and tendon injuries, and to fight the pain of arthritis, clear up the stuffy nose of hay fever and control the hot flashes of menopause.

Over the years, other uses for steroids have become more prevalent. Prescription veterinary drugs were among the earliest steroids to be utilized by athletes. The bulking drugs have been found to stimulate the build-up of the body by synthesizing protein for muscle growth and tissue repair. Physicians believe that steroids promote the build-up of muscles, because while taking them, an athlete tends to become more aggressive and is willing and able to train harder.

Participating in competitive bodybuilding without using steroids has become comparable to entering a beauty pageant without first applying makeup, Steve said.

Jim, a 22-year-old Western junior, has experimented with two cycles of steroids. He agreed that the drugs instill a competitive edge.

"They make you very, very aggressive. They can give you the game face you've always wanted."

This aggressiveness is most likely the reason why athletes in strength and stamina sports first began using steroids, he said. Steroid use has since become widespread among many of these athletes.

"If one guy's using them and getting all the ribbons, the rest of the guys are going to join in," Jim said. Folding his hands over his white T-shirt-covered stomach, he added, "Guys work a lifetime to squat 600 pounds. Without steroids, they'd never do it."

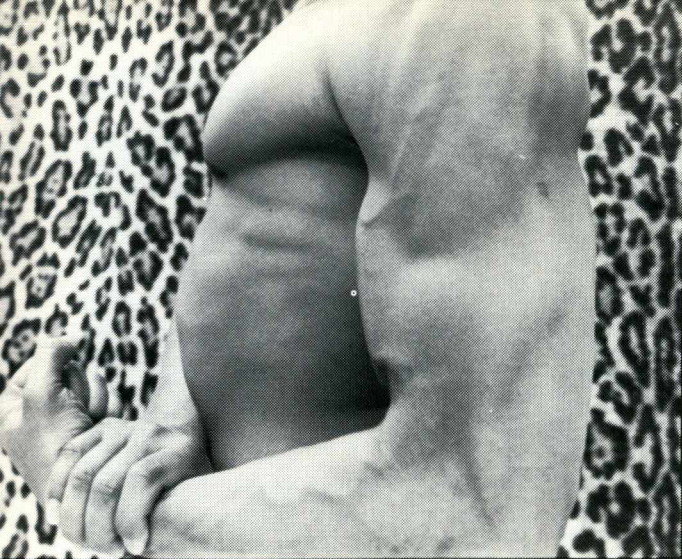
Jim said he went through one eight-week cycle of steroids last winter and began another in the spring. He continued to work out while taking the steroids to increase size and strength, but discontinued the second cycle halfway through after a change of heart.

"I worked out in the weight room and saw other guys progressing much more quickly, so I jumped on the bandwagon. But I was wise enough to jump off in time.

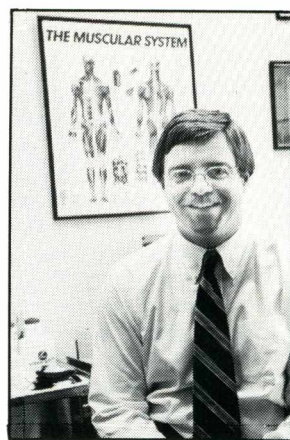
"If I can't be doing it on my own, I shouldn't even be doing it," Jim said of his quest for increased strength. He rocked back in his chair in his small, off-campus apartment. "I weighed the negatives against the positives."

Last year Jim worked out in Western's intramural weight room. His use of steroids made him much more aware of others who were using them -- even though most guys won't openly admit to using the drugs, he said.

"I've done it myself, and a keen eye can usually tell who's been using them. If you ask though, most of their replies will be that it's their diet, that they're bulking up."



Jesse Tinsley



Erin Lafferty

Dr. John Weaver

Jim said steroids are easy to obtain in the weight room.

"Dealers don't have to approach anyone. They are the ones being sought," Jim said. "All you have to do is start asking. It's easy." All four legs of his chair came down on the ground as he adjusted his silver wire-rimmed glasses.

George, 23, an on-again, off-again physical education major at Western, is known by first name as a steroid distributor.

Sitting at the dining room table in his Bellingham apartment, George rested his hands in front of him. The cuffs and collar of his pink and white striped shirt had been cropped to accommodate his body, yet his shoulders still bulged out of the top.

"If one guy's using them and getting all the ribbons, the rest of the guys are going to join in."

--Jim

George has worked out in the intramural weight room in the past and is known around campus as a steroid source, but he maintained he has never sold steroids out of the weight room to anyone at Western. Queries into his methods of distribution disrupted George's easygoing mood, and he flung his arms out to the side in frustration.

"I've never asked anyone to buy in my life," he said. "I don't care to. It's not my style." He angled his chair to the side and slouched forward, elbows resting on his knees.

George said he distributes anabolic steroids to five or six friends

around town. The drugs come to him from suppliers in California, and he said he sells them as quickly as possible. It's not illegal for him to have steroids and use them, George said, but it is illegal for him to distribute them.

Dr. John Weaver, a Western varsity team physician, said doctors found to be prescribing anabolic steroids for non-therapeutic use can be charged with unprofessional conduct and may lose their licenses to practice medicine.

George said he doesn't sell the drugs to make a profit, but to maintain access to them for his own use prior to competitions. He injects equipoise and finaject. These are anabolic steroids which are used in horses, both show and race, to enhance performance and appearance. Each 50 cc vial costs approximately \$130.

The cost of steroid use varies greatly, George said, depending on the type of drug used and dosages. Body builders can spend anywhere from a couple of hundred dollars to \$1,500, but the average is usually between \$300 and \$500 per cycle, he said.

George knew people who had access to the steroids, and said it was very easy for him to obtain the drugs.

"Originally, I did it to do a friend a favor, and I haven't quit," he said. "I'm probably the cheapest guy you can get Deca (Deca-Durabolin) from in between Vancouver and Portland."

He said he doesn't deny his use of steroids to anyone who asks, but is tired of encountering judgmental attitudes. People who aren't familiar with steroids tend to have a negative attitude toward their use, George said.

"I'm not saying that what I'm doing is right, but don't clean up my house until you've cleaned up your own."

George believes that too often, guys with bulked-up bodies are viewed negatively because people assume they're using steroids. This stereotype is a fallacy, he said.

"Most of the people that take the juice -- most of the guys that I'm around -- don't have any other vices. They're half-ass health-conscious anyway. They're athletes." Although he said he is tired of the negative stereotype, George admits he does make a judgment regarding who he sells to.

"There are things I plain don't believe in. I don't give anything to anyone who's ignorant (of steroid use)." George says he also doesn't approve of steroid use by people who are not willing to work hard for the gains.

"Most times, these guys are just looking for the easy way out. You have to work out a lot, make gains, then go on the drugs. Seasoned lifters are the only ones who benefit -- otherwise you're wasting time and money."

Steve has been lifting weights off and on since he was in high school. He began putting in serious workouts about a year ago, reached what he considered to be a plateau, then began a steroid cycle, hoping it would give him a new base to work from.

Lying on his back on his couch, Steve crossed his knees above him. With white leather high tops dangling from upraised legs, Steve said that his "light" six-week cycle of steroids cost him just over \$200. Although he noticed an immediate change in his workouts, it was about three weeks before he saw actual physical results.

"Your intensity just kicks up. They work, you get big. But you have to lift."

And lift he did. Steve now bench presses 315, but said that while he was on steroids he was able to top 380. Steve took Dianabol, an anabolic steroid, daily in pill form, but had to inject his doses of testosterone once a week. He was impressed enough by the results to continue his cycle, even though some of the side effects weren't pleasant.

"You gotta just do it," he said of the testosterone shots. "The first time, I couldn't do it, then..." He looked away, squeezed his sea blue eyes shut and jabbed just behind his right hip with an imaginary syringe.

While using the steroids, Steve found he became "tremendously more aggressive." He described his personality as generally laid back and relaxed, but said he had little patience

or concentration while on the drugs. He told of a tendency to rip things apart in frustration while performing ordinary housekeeping tasks.

It became necessary for Steve to find new outlets for his increasing aggressiveness. He would wrap his hands in bar towels and pummel the steel doors of the walk-in freezers at the restaurant where he works. Steve described other changes too.

"You get acne, and, uh, my balls shrunk. There's a lot of increased hostility." About four-and-a-half weeks into his cycle, Steve noticed he was "pissing blood" and went to his doctor.

Steve used more than one steroid during his cycle, a process known as "stacking." Jim said he knows of athletes who stack up to five types of steroids. They may have more pronounced results in less time, but they also are more likely to suffer long-term ill effects.

Physical problems resulting from unregulated use of steroids include atrophy of the testes, a decrease in sperm production, increased risk of cardiovascular disease and liver tumors, and increased acne and baldness. In women, steroid use can disrupt the menstrual cycle, cause growth of facial hair and deepen the voice. This masculinization process typically isn't reversed in women after the steroids are discontinued.

Steve's doctor told him that the bleeding was more likely a result of the diet he was following than of the steroids. He added that the doctor had a lot of questions about the steroids -- was almost more curious than cautious -- and didn't attempt to warn him off the drugs.

Weaver said that he knows that many of the athletes who come to him for therapy are using steroids. It is illegal for him to prescribe them, but he said he does offer to monitor blood pressure and other danger areas for the ones that he knows are using the drugs. No one has turned down his offer to be monitored, Weaver said. But he added that none of the athletes he's monitored has suffered serious ill effects.

Jim said he didn't notice any pronounced side effects while on the steroids, but he wasn't exactly thrilled with the results, either.

"I didn't get the results I was looking for, but what I got, I pretty much kept."

He put on about 10 pounds during his first cycle, which he attributes to water retention. He didn't put on a lot of size, but like Steve, he did notice a change in his workouts.

"I got very intense during my workouts, but when I left the gym, I was pretty composed," Jim said. He noticed no real change in his ability to concentrate outside the gym, but he said he was able to focus completely on each workout.

"It was very easy for me to just imagine what I wanted to do. I was very intense. I had some excellent workouts. Steroids enable you to work out harder and longer.

"I got tremendously strong. I made gains then that I haven't even come close to now. A lot of it was psychological."

Jim didn't notice that his body went through any rapid or drastic changes, but his mind did. He said that steroids almost have a placebo effect. He believed they would work and he worked harder to get results.

"The results were pretty instant. I knew I was taking steroids. I knew I was making myself stronger."

Jim used Dianabol during his first cycle but he switched to testosterone injections when he began his second cycle last spring. The testosterone was cheaper and easier to obtain than the oral Dianabol, Jim said, because "everyone just wants to swallow a pill."

Orals are less attractive, he said, because instead of going directly through the bloodstream, they must pass through the body's internal organs.

"It's safer to stick with the injections, but they have a lot of drawbacks as well," he said. "I was real cautious, but still worried about shooting an air bubble in (when injecting testosterone)." George agreed that injectable steroids are preferable.

"If you're smart, they (injectables) are the best way to go. They're cleaner, last longer and there's not so many side effects," he said.

George said many of the negative effects that steroid users experience are the result of self-prescription, lack of knowledge or misinformation, and a poor choice of drugs.

"D-bol (dianabol) and testosterone are probably two of the dirtiest drugs guys can buy," George said. "It's like Rainier compared to Henry's." He considers the two steroids he uses to be "more exotic and cleaner, and not as hard on your



system." The length and schedule of his cycles vary according to what he is trying to achieve, but George said he prefers to stick with injectables, which don't have to pass through the entire system.

"If somebody takes a cheap drug, they're gonna get acne. But it's (steroids) not gonna cause something you don't already got."

Weaver disagreed, saying that taking medicine via injection increases a person's chances of infection from hepatitis and viral infections. "They fall into the high risk category of needle users," he said.

George said he is aware of the dangers of needle use and exercises caution. "You don't use the same needle twice. You could, but you'd have to have no sense at all to be doing something like that," he said.

Jim said he hadn't suffered any short-term effects that he was aware of, but "some of the most devastating damage can be stuff happening you're not even aware of."

"A lot of guys have that immortality attitude. Why not stay on them if you're not suffering anything?"

"Using steroids is like roulette," he said. "The wheel goes around and you might get everything you want. But you might lose. It's just not worth it to me." He conceded that it's possible to make gains and quit. Steve agreed.

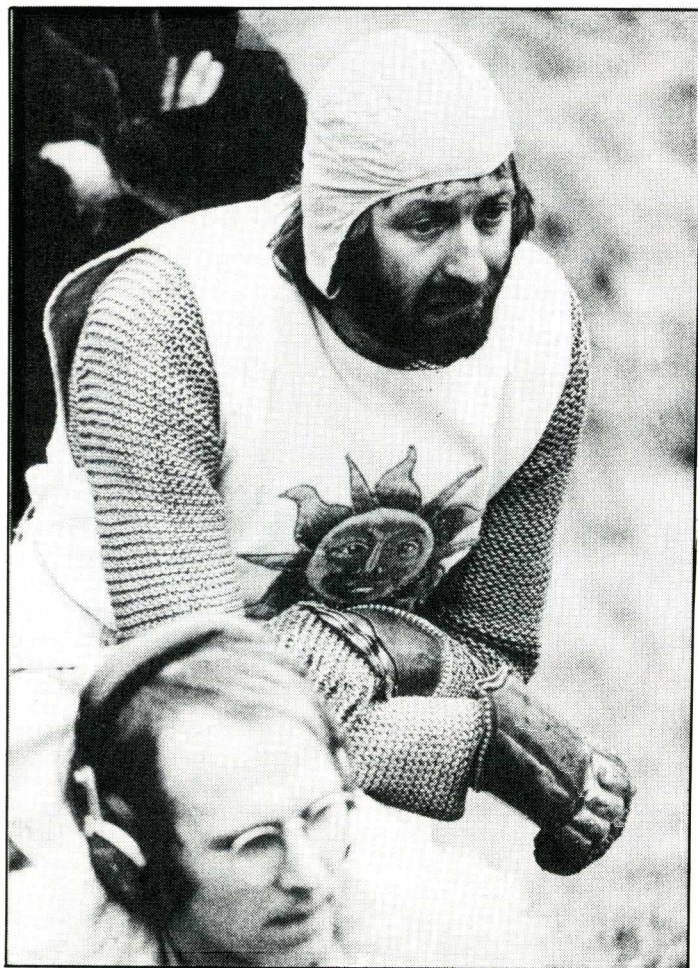
"I know I don't have to depend on it," Steve said, blue eyes rapidly scanning the room. "I use them to form a base."

"They do work. If you start abusing them, and take too much, they'll hurt you. If you don't abuse them, they'll help you."

George furrowed his brow. He said he has done a lot of research on the drugs he takes and isn't convinced that the tests performed to determine steroid effects are complete or accurate. The danger, he said, is in using the drugs as a crutch instead of a tool.

"A champion that's on the drugs would be a champion whether he was on the drugs or not," he said. "Attitude means a lot. These guys have goals."





writer struggles through

PYTHON PUBLICITY

by Marisa Lencioni

I jolted awake, my shoulders cramped from sleeping in a hard metal chair. I remembered I was in an airline terminal. I had just enjoyed a delightful dream in which slime-encrusted aliens captured the person whose flight I was waiting for, thereby destroying my entire scholastic career.

Talk about tension. I could write an illustrated monograph on it, I thought, as I smoothed the wrinkles out of my wool pants.

As part of my summer internship with the *Clinton St. Quarterly* magazine, I was to escort former Monty Python comedian Graham Chapman around Seattle for a day or two. Our publication was sponsoring a benefit concert he was performing to raise money for us.

I don't know why the editors chose me to escort him. Either they had the guileless trust of children, or I was the only person working for the magazine who had a car. I imagine it was the lat-

ter, though I rather suspect the former, too. At any rate, here I was at Sea-Tac airport waiting to meet Chapman's flight from Portland and enjoying some lovely stress dreams in the process.

What a fabulous start.

After the plane landed, I searched the crowd of passengers, anxiously looking for a blond head on a body taller than the average person. All I knew of Chapman was what I'd seen on TV and movies -- precious little to go by for meeting someone in person. Besides, I doubt if my editor told him just exactly who would be picking him up.

But there he was, skinny and resplendent in jeans and a T-shirt, lugging a flight bag and being followed by two other men.

My editor, Lenny, is a small emaciated man with a big head and a one-shirt wardrobe. He gently led Graham and the other man over to where I stood, sweating.



“This is Graham Chapman, and this is his friend John,” Lenny said, introducing us. Chapman looked at me politely, but rather as if he hadn’t been told who’d be picking him up. John smiled warmly. He was an agile-looking man with close-cropped hair, huge green eyes and a scar on his cheek that was rather fetching. He lowered the aviator sunglasses he was to wear continuously the next few days, and extended a hand.

“Hullo,” Chapman said, bobbing curtly.

We all stared at each other in silence.

“Well,” Lenny suggested, weakly. “Shall we pick up the baggage?”

Everyone stared at me in silence.

“You’ll have to help us here, Marisa,” Lenny said. “I don’t know my way around Seattle at all.”

Horror crept over me like a bad rash as I realized the full meaning of this situation. Of course. Lenny was the magazine’s Portland editor. Our Seattle editor had other commitments. Graham and John were from England. I was to be their sole guide and lifeline in this town.

Great. Me, the girl with all the directional sense of cheddar cheese and a ’71 Volkswagen that liked to stall on hills as a means of showing affection.

Smiling gamely, I strode off towards what the signs promised was baggage claim. My entourage gingerly followed. Chapman’s wide-eyed stare seemed to ask “Who is this girl” or maybe “Where will it all end?”

Returning to the hotel from the airport was somewhat touch and go. It began with trying to fit Chapman into my car. Chapman is at least 6 feet 3 inches tall. By my calculations, he was only five inches taller than my Volkswagen’s ceiling. We did manage to get him into the front seat comfortably, though his head was bent up under the ceiling at such an impossible angle I feared going over bumps.

Graham and John were staying at a posh, restored old hotel on First Hill, a hotel known for catering to celebrities. Imagine, then, the surprise of that hotel’s valet parking attendant when my rusty, old Volkswagen pulled into the turnaround behind the Mercedes and Rolls-Royces. The valet must have been shocked, as he simply stood there, hands on hips, regarding my car with a subdued sneer.

“You can’t park that here,” Mr. Sunshine snapped as I braked, stopping only inches from his toes.

“I’m just dropping off some guests, if that’s okay,” I replied. Graham pried himself out of the passenger side, along with John and Lenny. “Where can they check in?”

Mr. Delightful pointed wordlessly to the glass door of the lobby.

We fared a bit better with the desk clerks. Graham and John were quite happy with the rooms provided, and Graham even did a few bug-eyed, silly walks down the hallway behind the hotel manager’s back. But although we had a drink together in the hotel bar before I had to leave, my guests and I didn’t

seem to be establishing the rapport I had hoped would make tomorrow’s full schedule of events easier. Graham was deathly silent the rest of the evening, breaking only once to ask me where I was from. I said, “Bellevue.” He said, “oh.”

I left in good spirits because the next day’s round of radio and television interviews seemed promising. If not to gain first-hand experience of how the mass media operates, then at least to gain exposure to someone who might think I was cute enough to appear in a commercial.

The next morning, with stern admonitions to “BE ON TIME” carved into my brain by my editor, I piloted my car to downtown Seattle to pick everyone up before Chapman’s 8 a.m. TV appearance.

“Horror crept over me like a bad rash as I realized the full meaning of this situation.”

Although Chapman emerged from his room a scant two minutes before we were scheduled to be at the station, we made it on time. I did have to drop them off in front of the station and shout directions, however, because there was no time to look for a parking place. By the time I got inside, they were nowhere to be found. A receptionist pointed me

in the right direction for the taping of the "Good Company" show, but the poor woman was so confused she put me in with the audience instead of backstage.

"What?!" I mentally screamed as someone offered me a donut.

"What am I doing here? Where's the green room? I'm with the press!"

Relief came in the form of a page who led me to the legendary green room. The room was actually brown, and the only people in it were John, our host Cliff Lenz and two of the morning's guests. Here was my chance to see TV in action.

I self-consciously crossed the room and sank into a plush sofa near a large screen TV. John acknowledged me from beneath his ever-present mirrored sunglasses, with a look of mild surprise.

"Oh hello," he said. "Found us then, did you?"

As I obviously had, I nodded.

"Where's Graham, then?" I asked. After talking with John only a few minutes, I found myself adding the peculiarities of his English accent to my own.

"He's getting made up," John replied. He sipped at his styrofoam cup of coffee and leaned toward me conspiratorially. "They're a goofy lot around here, aren't they?"

Trying to contain the excitement in my voice that John's actually wanting to converse with me brought out, I smiled.

"I know," I said. "Who are those other guests?"

As if on cue, a door opened and Chapman entered the room, presumably back from make-up.

Lenz whipped around in his chair at the circular table where he was pre-interviewing the two guests John and I had been speculating about -- a bearded man and his mother, trying to make a buck off a book they wrote about the father's artificial heart. The man had thick, bushy hair and was wearing a sort of modified navy blue Saturday Night Fever-type suit, with a collar so high it obliterated most of his stocky neck. His mother had freshly coiffed, 1950's beauty-parlor hair and wore a flowery dress the color of old, pink formica. They were from St. Louis.

Lenz introduced them to Chapman, adding that Chapman possessed a medical degree from an English college.

The woman regarded him politely, with somewhat of a smirk.

"You probably didn't study much about artificial hearts back then, did you?" she quipped.

"No, no, not 20 years ago," Chapman replied. He shot a pop-eyed look at John, as if this was all just TOO MUCH fun.

"When all the guests and the fabulous hosts with their fabulous hair were ushered out to proceed with taping, John and I were left behind like punished children with a half-full coffee pot and stern admonitions not to wander around."

The rest of the morning was exactly that. When all the guests and the fabulous hosts with their fabulous hair were ushered out to proceed with taping, John and I were left behind like punished children with a half-full coffee pot and stern admonitions not to wander around.

It turned out to be the best place to stay, though. We watched the taping on closed circuit, laughing at how badly our host's hair photographed and the ridiculous posturing of the couple from St. Louis. During the commercials, John amused me with anecdotes about when he and Chapman hung out with Harry Nilsson, and how annoying Mick was at David Bowie's party last week in Gstaad.

I felt very much like the posh celebrity insider in just under an hour.

After awhile, John and I decided to wander around the station. While walk-

ing down a hallway, we ran into my editor, who had been lost.

"Where have you been?!" he asked, frantically. "They told me to wait in the cafeteria! Where's Graham?!"

John shrugged, explaining we'd been enjoying donuts in the green room.

"Why did they put me in the cafeteria?" Lenny asked, confused and a bit too excited. "Is Graham done yet? We have to go soon! We have another interview in 10 minutes!"

Our next stop was at a radio station, where Graham was to sit and chat with a DJ for an hour and play 10 of his all-time favorite songs. Although it wasn't far, I still felt some Crockett and Tubbs-type driving was in order. I don't think, in retrospect, that any of my passengers would agree with me. At one point I took a turn too quickly and spilled into another lane, practically rolling us into an oncoming car. John and Lenny stared at me in horror from the backseat while grabbing the headrests. Graham, who had recently donned a sporting pair of extra-tiny sunglasses, hummed nervously.

Once at the station, Graham was rushed off to do his interview, leaving John and I alone with some DJ with time on his hands and celebrity on his mind.

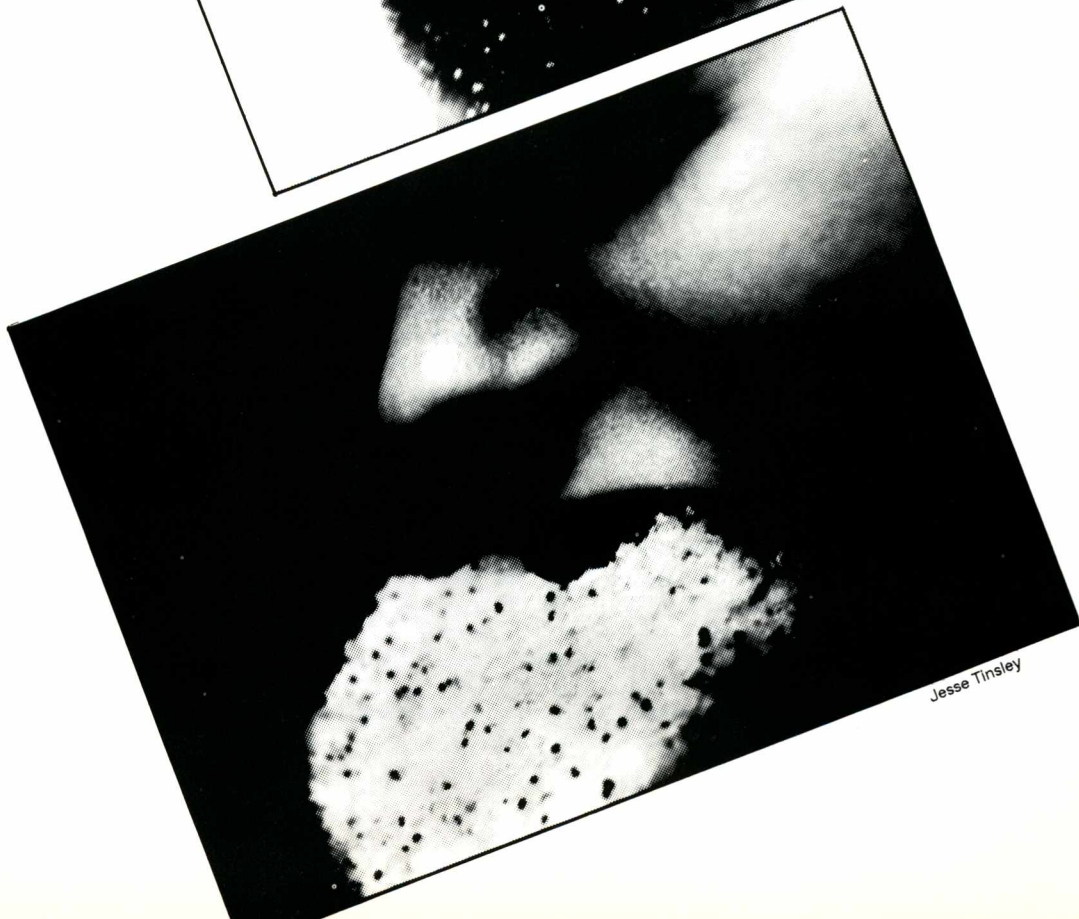
"Hey, how you doin' today? Great," the DJ with the unbelievable TV voice said, taking my arm. "You're with Chapman? Cool. I love him. I mean those guys are such nuts, right? Hey, step this way and we'll get you some coffee and donuts. Are you English too? Great. Great country. What's your name?"

Mind reeling, I sank back into a vinyl swivel chair and took stock of the situation.

I looked at my watch. I looked at the groovy DJ. I looked out the window and wondered how high up we were.

So, maybe it WAS going to be a long, frustrating day filled with insincere people and angst. So what. Maybe I'll turn this experience into a celebrity tell-all book about Graham Chapman anyway. Whoever said internships were a waste of time?





Jesse Tinsley

DRUG TESTING: **FALSE POSITIVE**

by Jerry Tegarden

John had everything going for him. He was young, motivated and fresh from graduation. The only thing missing was a job with a future. But he had prospects -- "hot" prospects.

The interview went smoothly. The head of personnel came into the office, took a look at him and everyone left the interview smiling. One more formality, and he'd be ready to begin his climb to corporate success. The company required that a urine test for drugs be part of his pre-employment physical. That was no problem, John thought.

A week later John got the word, a positive result on the drug test -- no explanation, no appeal, no job.

The tragedy of this increasingly common scenario is that it could happen to anyone -- regardless of whether or not they use illegal drugs.

"Many seemingly innocuous substances and non-prescription drugs can trigger a positive reading for drugs such as marijuana, amphetamines, heroin or cocaine," said Dr. R. L. Gibb, medical director for the Whatcom Pathology Laboratory and Blood Bank.

"Many seemingly innocuous substances and non-prescription drugs can trigger a positive reading."

--Gibb

Late in 1985, the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency estimated that one-quarter of the Fortune 500 companies were

conducting drug tests of current and prospective employees. A 1987 report by the American Management Association revealed that half of the Fortune 100, the 100 top corporations in the United States, conduct pre-employment drug tests.

So what happened to John? Did the test prove that he'd smoked marijuana the night before?

Cold medicines and non-prescription pain relievers containing the drug Ibuprofen can show up in a drug test as THC, the active ingredient in marijuana. Anyone suffering from a bladder or kidney infection also may test positive for THC.

Until the EMIT (Enzyme-Multiplied Immunoassay Technique) test was revised, melanin, a natural body substance that causes dark skin, could cause a positive reading for marijuana, according to a *Seattle Times* feature on drug testing.

Maybe John stayed up late the night before studying the company and took a hit of speed to counteract the fatigue.

Some cold remedies and diet pills can give false positive readings for amphetamines, or speed. Nyquil, Vicks Inhalers, Contac, Dietac or any other over-the-counter medicines containing ephedrine or phenylpropanolamine often show up on drug tests as speed.

Did the test indicate that John had a problem with heroin or one of the other drugs in the opiate group?

Common items on grocery store shelves, such as tonic water, any cough syrup that contains phenegan, poppy seeds commonly used in baking, or any prescription drug that contains codeine can show up as morphine in an EMIT test.

"The morphine reading due to poppy seeds is real morphine. There are trace amounts of morphine in the seeds and EMIT tests are set up to detect levels of morphine that low," Gibb said.

"The EMIT tests for groups of compounds. Anything that looks chemically and structurally like an opiate is going to give a positive," said Howard Cockerham, drug analyst for the Whatcom Pathology Laboratory and Blood Bank. "It is supposed to give a positive result."

"The morphine reading due to poppy seeds is real morphine. There are trace amounts of morphine in the seeds, and EMIT tests are set up to detect levels of morphine that low."

--Gibb

"That's the way the test is designed and it's the same for every group. In cases of false positives for morphine due to poppy seeds, EMIT test levels can be set to not show that low of a level. The trouble is that the government requires you to detect (levels) that low and many of the labs that do work for the government use the same levels for all tests."

The human body metabolizes codeine by breaking it down into nor-codeine and morphine, which can all be detected by a urine test. An EMIT test can detect both codeine and morphine in a urine sample, but it can't distinguish between them, according to *Urine Testing for Drug Abuse*, a 1986 research study issued by the National Institute on Drug Abuse.

"The problem is that there are a lot of quick and dirty testing labs out there who simply use the EMIT test and don't follow up positive tests with the more exact GC/MS (Gas Chromatography-Mass Spectrometry) method of testing," Gibb said.

"None of these tests measure for alcohol, but alcohol is the most abused drug in America. The guy who still has alcohol in his urine the next morning has a real problem, but the tests don't show that," he added.

Did the test reveal that John had snorted cocaine within the previous three days?

While the gin in a gin and tonic may not register on a drug test, tonic water can again be the culprit in a false positive reading for cocaine use. Quinine, which causes the bitter taste in tonic water, is often used to cut cocaine, Gibb said.

Other substances linked by the NIDA to false cocaine readings are Amoxillin, an antibiotic, and some herbal teas.

Is the increasing incidence of pre-employment drug screening merely the latest evidence of Big Brother's intrusions into a person's right to privacy, or is it a natural protective reaction by American business to the growing problem of drugs in the workplace?

According to the NIDA, drugs used on and off the job cost U.S. businesses billions of dollars each year in legal services and lost productivity.

Legal battles over drug testing continue throughout the United States. The Railway Labor Executives Association has several lawsuits filed against individual railroad companies and against the Federal Railroad Administration. These suits claim that drug testing is unconstitutional.

As of Jan. 1, 1986, employers in San Francisco, both the city and county, have been banned from demanding employees to submit to urine or blood tests for drugs except in cases where management has reasonable cause to

suspect a worker is under the influence of drugs. Applicants for jobs are exempt from the ban. Also immune are police and fire departments and city ambulance drivers, according to the EAP (Employee Assistance Programs) Digest.

A variety of industry journals cite false positive readings in zero to 70 percent of drug tests. Positive results from an EMIT test should indicate that further tests using the GC/MS method should be made for verification. Not all labs follow this procedure, however.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with the state-of-the-art in drug testing, if it's used in a sensible way," Cockerham said. "The problem with drug testing, the way it's being used, is that employers are sending work to labs without knowing how the labs are doing the work. When they don't know what methods they (the labs) are using, employers don't know how to interpret the results."

Few employers with small payrolls can afford to hire a medical supervisor to evaluate drug test results.

"A company needs a supervisor to take histories from the people being tested and to interpret the results when they get the results back," Cockerham said. "Many private physicians and some drug treatment programs will handle that type of work."

Until the courts have settled the legality of drug testing, private employers have the right to require prospective employees to pass drug screening tests before they are hired. Fourth Amendment protections against unreasonable search and seizure apply only to government agencies, not private industry.

The best protection for anyone facing a drug test is knowing whether the employer is using the EMIT or GC/MS test, and keeping a complete list of all foods eaten and drugs taken for a week before the drug test.

So what happened to John? He hadn't used any controlled or illegal drugs, and yet he failed the pre-employment screening.

John graduated winter quarter and immediately caught a cold. He didn't want to show up at the interview coughing and sneezing, so he used an over-the-counter cold remedy to hide the symptoms. He also ate a poppy seed-covered bagel with his morning coffee



POSSIBLE POSITIVES FOR:

1. Marijuana:

Advil, Nuprin, Motrin, Rufen may test positive. Kidney tumors or infection, liver disorders or bladder infections may test positive.

2. Amphetamines:

NyQuil, Vicks Inhaler, Contac Sudafed, diet pills, heart and asthma medications.

3. Heroin:

Tonic water, poppy seeds, Phenergan and Vicks Formula 44.

4. Cocaine:

Amoxicillin, tonic water, and herbal tea.

Source: *The Train Dispatcher*
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on the day of the test. The results of the test showed traces of THC, morphine and amphetamines in John's urine.

When the company read the results from John's test, they no longer saw John the person, they saw three drugs, which they believed to be a threat to their company.

With the competition for jobs in today's market, it was easier for them to pass him and go on to the next candidate.





In Remembrance

Beyond the bricks of Red Square, a path leads to Old Main. Sitting on top of a grass slope, the ivy-covered, brick building overlooks Western's campus. The majestic building represents authority and a commitment to excellence -- something Western President G. Robert Ross and Vice Presidents Jeanene DeLille and Don Cole upheld.

When they died in a plane crash on Nov. 4, Old Main looked different. The halls were quiet. People inside walked slowly. The absence of the three administrators was felt and their presence was missed.

Ross was instrumental in expanding the scope of Western from a regional campus to an internationally-known university. In 1985 he initiated a fund raising drive to benefit an earthquake-damaged university in Mexico. In October, he spent 12 days in China establishing agreements for academic and cultural exchanges.

On a local scale, Ross led the effort to make Western's per-student funding equal to that of other Washington regional universities. He lobbied the legislature to raise the state-mandated enrollment lid and fought against a proposal to diminish Western to the level of a branch of the University of Washington.

Ross took pride in the school and its students, and his optimism was evident to all who came in contact with him.

Don Cole "had a feeling for the essential purpose of the university," said Graduate Dean Samuel Kelly. Cole realized that the university did not exist to serve his interests, but that he was here to serve the university.

As vice president for business and financial affairs, Cole oversaw a wide variety of departments and services, from the budget office to the physical plant.

"Don Cole was a great energy conserver," Kelly said, adding, "it takes more muscle to frown than it does to smile."

As vice president for university advancement, Jeanene DeLille was described as "energetic" and "imaginative." She was responsible for raising funds for the Western Foundation, a program that provides money for special projects and scholarships. DeLille came to Western in fall, 1983 and decided to approach donors instead of waiting for the donors to come to the foundation. With her efforts, the 1984 fund increased more than 400 percent.

DeLille once said she loved her job so much that she couldn't believe she was getting paid for it.

The legacy left behind by Ross, Cole and DeLille is one of smiles, expansion, cultivation and commitment to helping the university grow.

